



**"SWEET DAY OF REST."**

TALMAGE, THE GREAT PREACHER, TALKS OF THE SABBATH.

The Christian Man Stands Radiant in its Wondrous Light—How Sabbath Morning Comes—Observance of the Day.

BROOKLYN, Jan. 13.—[Special report for THE TIMES.] The Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage, D.D., preached today on "A Bright Sunday versus a Doleful Sunday." After expounding appropriate passages of scripture, he gave out the hymn:

"Welcome, sweet day of rest.  
That saw the Lord arise."

The text was: "And call the Sabbath a delight"—Isaiah lviii, 13. Dr. Talmage said:

There is an element of gloom striking through all false religions. Paganism is a brood of horrors. The god of Confucius frowned upon its victims with blind fate. Mohammedanism promises nothing to those exhausted with sin in this world but an eternity of the same passionate indulgences. But God intended that our religion should have the grand characteristic of cheerfulness. St. Paul struck the keynote when he said: "Rejoice evermore, and again I say, rejoice." This religion has no spikes for the feet; it has no hooks for the shoulder; it has no long pilgrimages to take; it has no funeral pyres upon which to leap; it has no juggernauts before which to fall. Its good cheer is symbolized in the Bible by the brightness of waters, and the redolence of lilies, and the sweetness of music, and the hilarities of a banquet. A choir of seraphim chanted at its induction, and pealing trumpet, and waving palm, and flapping wing of archangel, are to celebrate its triumphs. It began its chief mission with the shout: "Glory to God in the highest!" and it will close its earthly mission with the ascription, "Hallelujah, for the Lord God omnipotent reigneth!"

But men have said that our religion is not cheerful, because we have such a doleful Sabbath. They say: "You can have your religious assemblies, and your long faces, and your sniffing cant, and your psalm books, and your Bibles. Give us the Sunday excursion, and the horse-race, and the convivial laughter. We have so much joy that we want to spread it all over the seven days of the week, and you shall not have one of our days of worldly satisfaction for religious dolefulness." I want to show these men—if they are any such in the house this morning—that they are under a great delusion, and that God intended the fifty-two Sundays of the year to be hung up like bells in a tower, beating a perpetual chime of joy, and glory, and salvation, and heaven; for I want you to carry out the idea of the text, "and call the Sabbath a delight."

I remark, in the first place, we are to find in this day the joy of healthy repose. In this democratic country we all have to work—some with hand, some with brain, some with foot. If there is in all this house a hand that has not, during the past year, been stretched forth to some kind of toil, let it be lifted. Not one, not one. You sell the goods. You teach the school. You doctor in the sick room. You practice at the bar. You edit a newspaper. You tan the hides. You preach the gospel. You mend the shoes. You sit at the shuttle. You carry the load of bricks up the ladder on the wall. And the one occupation is as honorable as the other, provided God calls you to it. I care not what you do, if you only do it well. But when Saturday night comes, you are jaded and worn. The hand cannot so skillfully manufacture; the eye cannot see as well; the brain is not so clear; the judgment is not so well balanced. A prominent manufacturer told me that he could see a difference between the goods which went out of his establishment on Saturday from the goods which went out on Monday. He said: "They were very different indeed. Those that were made in the former part of the week, because of the rest that had been previously given, were better than those that were made in the latter part of the week, when the men were tired out." The Sabbath comes, and it bathes the soreness from the limbs, quiets the agitated brain and puts out the fires of anxiety that have been burning all the week. Our bodies are seven-day clocks, and unless on the seventh day they are wound up, they run down into the grave. The Sabbath was intended as a savings bank; into it we are to gather the resources upon which we are to draw all the week. That man who breaks the Sabbath robs his own nerve, his own muscle, his own brain, his own bones. He dips up the wine of his own life, and throws it away. He who breaks the Lord's day gives a mortgage to disease and death upon his entire physical estate, and at the most unexpected moment that mortgage will be foreclosed and the soul ejected from the premises. Every giant and pore, and cell, and finger-nail demands the seventh day for repose. The respiration of the lungs, the throb of the pulse in the wrist, the motion of the bone in its socket declare: "Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy." There are thousands of men who have had their lives dashed out against the golden gates of the Sabbath.

A prominent London merchant testified that thirty years ago he went to London. He says: "I have during that time watched minutely, and I have noticed that the men who went to business on the Lord's day or opened their counting houses have, without a single exception, come to failure." A prominent Christian merchant in Boston says: "I find it don't pay to work on Sunday. When I was a boy, I noticed out on Long Wharf there were merchants who loaded their vessels on the Sabbath day, keeping their men busy from morning till night, and it is my observation that they themselves came to nothing—these merchants—and their children came to nothing. It doesn't pay," he says, "to work on the Sabbath."

I appeal to your observation. Where are the men who twenty years ago were Sabbath breakers, and who have been Sabbath breakers ever since? Without a single exception, you will tell me, they have come either to financial or moral beggary. I defy you to point out a single exception, and you can take the whole world for your field. It has either been a financial or a moral desolation in every instance. Six hundred and forty physicians in London petition Parliament, saying: "We must have the Sabbath obeyed. We cannot have health in this city and in this Nation unless the Sabbath is observed." Those in our own country have given evidence on the same side. The man who takes down the shutters of his store on the Sabbath takes down the curse of Almighty God. That farmer who cultures his ground on the Sabbath day raises a crop of neuralgia, and

and of consumption and of death. A farmer said: "I defy your Christian Sabbath. I will raise a Sunday crop." So he went to work and plowed it on Sunday, and he planted corn on Sunday, and he harvested the corn on Sunday, and he gathered it into the barn on Sunday. "There," he says, "I have proved to you that all this idea about a fatality accompanying Sabbath work is a perfect sham. My corn is garnered, and all is well." But before many weeks passed the Lord God struck that barn with his lightnings, and away went the Sunday crop.

So great is the moral depression coming upon those who toil upon the Sabbath day that you may have noticed (if you have not, I call your attention to the fact) that in cases where the public interest demands Sabbath toil the moral depression is so great that there are but very few who can stand it. For instance, the police service, without which not one of our houses would be safe, there are very few who can stand the pressure and temptation of it. In London, where there are 6000 policemen, the statistic is given that in one year 921 of that 5000 were dismissed, 523 were suspended, and 2492 were fined. Now, if the moral depression be so great in occupations that are positively necessary for the peace and prosperity of society, I ask you what must be the moral depression in those cases where there is no necessity for Sabbath work, and where a man chooses worldly business on the Lord's day just because he likes it, or wants to add to his emoluments? During the last war it was found that those public works which paused on the seventh day turned out more war material than those which worked all the seven days. Mr. Bagnall, a prominent iron merchant, gives this testimony: "I find we have fewer accidents in our establishments and fewer interruptions, now we observe the Lord's day; and at the close of the year, now that we keep the Sabbath, I find that we turn out more iron and have larger profits than any year when we worked all the seven days." The fact is, Sabbath-made ropes will break, and Sabbath-made shoes will leak and Sabbath-made coats will rip, and Sabbath-made muskets will miss fire, and Sabbath occupations will be blasted. A gentleman said: "I invented a shuttle on the Lord's day. I was very busy, so I made the model of that new shuttle on the Lord's day. So very busy was I during the week that I had to occupy many Sabbaths. It was a great success. I enlarged my buildings; I built new factories, and made hundreds of thousands of dollars. But I have to tell you that all the result of that work on the Sabbath has been to me ruin. I enlarged my buildings; I made a great many thousands of dollars; but I have lost all, and I charge it to the fact of that Sunday shuttle." I will place in two companies the men in this community who break the Sabbath, and the men who keep it, and then I ask you who are the best friends of society? Who are the best friends of morals? Who have the best prospects for this world? Who have the best for the world that is to come?

Sabbath morning comes in the household. I suppose that the mere philosopher would say that the Sabbath light comes in a wave current, just like any other light; but it does not seem so to me. It seems as if it touched the eyelids more gently, and threw a brighter glow on the mantel ornaments, and cast a better cheerfulness on the faces of the children, and threw a supernatural glory over the old family Bible. Hail, Sabbath light! We rejoice in it. Rest comes in through the window, or it leaps up from the fire, or it rolls out in the old arm chair, or it catches up the body into ecstasy, and swings open before the soul the twelve gates which are twelve pearls. The bar of the unopened warehouse, the hinges of the unfastened store window, the quiet of the commercial warehouse seem to say: "This is the day the Lord hath made." Rest for the sewing woman, with weary hands and aching side and sick heart. Rest for the overtasked workman in the mine, or out on the wall, or in the sweltering factory. Hang up the plane, drop the adze, slip the band from the wheel, put out the fire. Rest for the body, for the mind and for the soul.

"Welcome, sweet day of rest.  
That saw the Lord arise:  
Welcome to this reviving breast.  
And these rejoicing eyes."

Again I remark, we ought to have in the Sabbath the joy of domestic union and consecration. There are some very good parents who have the faculty of making the Sabbath a great gloom. Their children run up against the wall of parental lugubriousness on that day. They are sorry when Sunday comes, and glad when it goes away. They think of everything bad on that day. It is the worst day to them, really, in all the week. There are persons who, because they were brought up in Christian families where there were wrong notions about the Sabbath, have gone out into dissipation and will be lost. A man said to me: "I have a perfect disgust for the Sabbath day. I never saw my father smile on Sunday. It was such a dreadful day to me when I was a boy I never got over it, and never will." Those parents did not make it a gloom. But there are houses represented here this morning where the children say through the week: "I wonder when Sunday will come?" They are anxious to have it come. I hear their hosanna in the house; I hear their hosanna in the school. God intended the Sabbath to be especially a day for the father. The mother is home all the week. Sabbath day comes, and God says to the father, who has been busy from Monday morning to Saturday night at the store or away from home: "This is your day. See what you can do in this little flock in preparing them for heaven. This day I set apart for you." You know very well that there are many parents who are mere outlaws of the household; they provide the food and raiment; once in a while, perhaps, they hear the child read a line or two in the primer; or if there be a case of especial discipline, and the mother cannot manage it, the child is brought up in the court-martial of the father's discipline and punished. That is all there is of it. No scrupling of that child's immortal interests, no realization of the fact that the child will soon go out in a world where there are gigantic and overwhelming temptations that have swamped millions. But in some households it is not that way; the home, the beautiful on ordinary days, is more beautiful now that the Sabbath has dawned. There is more joy in the "good morning," there is more tenderness in the morning prayer. The father looks at the child, and the child looks at the father. The little ones dare now to ask questions without any fear of being answered: "Don't bother me—I must be off to the store." Now the father looks at the child, and he sees, not merely the blue eyes, the arched brow, the long lashes, the sweet lips. He sees in that child a long line of earthly destinies; he sees in that child an immeasurable eternity. As he touches that child he

says: "I wonder what will be the destiny of this little one?" And while this Christian father is thinking and praying, the sweet promise flows through his soul: "Of such is the kingdom of heaven." And he feels a joy, not like that which sounds in the dance, or is wafted from the froth of the wine cup, or that which is like the "cracking of thorns under a pot," but the joy of domestic reunion and consecration.

Have I been picturing something that is merely fanciful, or is it possible for you and for me to have such a home as that? I believe it is possible.

I have a statistic that I would like to give you. A great many people, you know, say there is nothing in the Christian discipline of a household. In New Hampshire there were two neighborhoods—the one of six families, the other of five families. The six families disregarded the Sabbath. In time, five of these families were broken up by the separation of husbands and wives; the other by the father becoming a thief. Eight or nine of the parents became drunkards, one committed suicide, and all came to penury. Of some forty or fifty descendants, about twenty are known to be drunkards and gamblers, and dissolute. Four or five have been in State prison. One fell in a duel. Some are in the almshouse. Only one became a Christian, and he after first having been outrageously dissipated. The other five families that regarded the Sabbath were all prospered. Eight or ten of the children are consistent members of the church. Some of them became officers in the church; one is a minister of the gospel; one is a missionary to China. No poverty among any of them. The homestead is now in the hands of the third generation. Those who have died have died in the peace of the gospel. Oh, is there nothing in a household that remembers God's holy day? Can it be possible that those who disregard this holy commandment can be prospered for this life, or have any good hope of the life that is to come?

Again, we ought to have in the Sabbath the joy of Christian assemblage. Where are all those people going on the Sabbath? You see them moving up and down the street. Is it a festive day? people might ask. Has there been some public edict commanding the people to come forth? No, they are only worshippers of God who are going to their places of religious service. In what delicate scale shall I weigh the joy of Christian convocation? It gives brightness to the eye, and a flush to the cheek, and a pressure to the hand, and a thrill to the heart. You see the aged man tottering along on his staff through the aisle. You see the little child led by the hand of its mother. You look around and rejoice that this is God's day, and this the communion of saints. "One Lord, one faith, one baptism." Some familiar tune sets all the soul a-quiver and a-quake with rapture. We plunge into some old hymn, and all our cares and anxieties are bathed off. The glorious gospel transports us, the Spirit descends, Jesus appears, and we feel the bounding, spreading, electric joy of Christian convocation.

I look upon the church of God as one vast assembly. Joy dripping from the baptismal font, joy glowing in the sacramental cup, joy warbling in the anthem, joy beating against the gate of heaven with a hallelujah like the voice of mighty thunders. Beautiful for situation! The joy of the whole earth is Mount Zion. It is the day and the place where Christ reviews his troops, bringing them out in companies and regiments and battalions, riding along the line, examining the battle-torn flags of past combat, and cheering them on to future victories. Oh, the joy of Christian assembly!

I remark, also, we are to have in this day the joy of eternal Sabbath. I do not believe it possible for any Christian to spend the Lord's day here without thinking of heaven. There is something in the gathering of people in church on earth to make one think of the rapt assemblage of the skies. There is something in the song of the Christian church to make one think of the song of the elders before the throne, the harpists and the trumpeters of God accompanying the harmony. The light of a better Sabbath gilds the top of this, and earth and heaven come within speaking distance of each other, the song of triumph waving backward and forward, now tossed up by the church of earth, now sent back by the church of heaven.

"Day of all the week the best,  
Emblem of eternal rest."

The Christian man stands radiant in its light. His bereft heart rejoices in the thought of a country where there is neither a coffin nor grave; his weary body glows at the idea of a land where there are no burdens to carry and no exhaustive journeys to take. He eats the grapes of Eshcol. He stands upon the mountain top and looks off upon the eternal towers and the ramp of the numberless multitude with sins forgiven. This is the day which the Lord hath made. Let us rejoice and be glad in it. Oh, ye who have been hunting for Sunday pleasures in the street, and on the river bank, and in the houses of sin, I command you to this holy day and holy service! I do not invite you to swallow a great bitterness or to carry a heavy load, but I invite you to feel in body, mind, and soul the thrill of joy which God has handed down in the chalices of the golden Sabbath.

With what revulsion and with what pity we must look out on that large class of persons in our day who would throw discredit upon the Lord's day. There are two things which Christian people ought never to give up—the one is the Bible, the other is the Sabbath. Take away one and you take both. Take either, and farewell to Christianity in this country, farewell to our civil and religious liberties. When they go, all go. He who has ever spent Sunday in Paris, or Antwerp, or Rome, if he be an intelligent Christian, will pray God that the day will never come when the Sabbath of Continental Europe shall put its foot upon our shores. I had a friend in Syracuse who lived to be one hundred years of age. He said to me, in his ninety-ninth year: "I went across the mountains in the early history of this country. Sabbath morning came. We were beyond the reach of civilization. My comrades were all going out for an excursion. I said: 'No, I won't go; it is Sunday.' Why, they laughed. They said: 'We haven't any Sunday here.' 'Oh, yes,' I said, 'you have. I brought it with me over the mountains.'"

There are two or three ways in which we can war against Sabbath-breaking nags in this day, and the first thing is to get our children right upon this subject, and teach them that the Sabbath day is the holiest of all the days, and the best and the gladdest. Unless you teach your child under the paternal roof to keep the Lord's day, there are nine hundred and ninety chances out of a thousand it will never learn to keep the Sabbath. You may think to shirk responsibility in the matter, and send your child to the Sabbath-school and the house of God. That will not relieve the matter. I want to tell you,

in the name of Christ, my Maker and my Judge, that your example will be more potent than any instruction they get elsewhere; and if you disregard the Lord's day yourself, or in any wise throw contempt upon it, you are blasting your children with an infinite curse. It is a rough truth, I know, told in a rough way; but it is God's truth, nevertheless. Your child may go on to 70 or 80 years of age, but that child will never get out of the awful disadvantage of having had a Sabbath-breaking father or a Sabbath-breaking mother.

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## SAY, STRANGER! Do You Want a Home?

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ANY INDUSTRIOUS MAN WHO WANTS TO MAKE HIMSELF A HOME where he can enjoy good health, drink pure mountain water, breathe pure air, shake off all his throat and lung troubles, asthma, etc., where he can raise the highest priced oranges, apricots, olives, strawberries, blackberries and raspberries raised in California, no fruit, peaches, figs or melons, the territory of the Santa Fe Railroad on the land, 20 miles from the city on a 20 minutes ride to the city of Los Angeles. W. P. MCINTOSH, general agent for the sale of MENTONE lands. He offers to sell land in tracts to suit and give five years to pay for the same at 5 per cent interest. No cash payment required for the first year. No cash payment required for the first year. Settlers can have the use of adjacent lands free of charge, on which to raise grain, potatoes or other vegetables until trees are bearing or grain lands sold. Maps, pamphlets and further particulars on application.

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## OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

## THE BEAUTIFUL HOUSE AND THE GIANT.

Our Weekly Letters—Only, Two This Week—What Would the World Be Without the Birds?—The Murderous Giant—The Ruined Home.

THE BUMBLE BEE'S ARGUMENT.  
Ha! ha! what do you think of me?  
Asked a roving bumble bee  
Of a little boy.  
"I don't know," he replied,  
"But I think that beside  
The honey bee he was crazy.

Then the bumble bee drew his sting,  
And like a warrior drove at him,  
And stung him till he was crazy.  
Then he babbled aloud,  
As if he were proud.

Now do you think I am lazy? E. A. O.

I was out one lovely summer day in a beautiful grove, where I came upon a charming house. It was round and tower-shaped, and built of a variety of materials so deftly put together that it afforded a most comfortable and substantial shelter for its inmates, and was a fairy-like home for the lovely family which live so happily beneath its roof.

All the lives of the young children had been passed there, and they were perfectly content, wanting no better home nor tenderer care than their parents gave them. They had always felt secure there also, and never had dreamed of any possible danger coming to them, and their parents were happy, with plenty to eat, and the most beautiful garments for themselves and their children to wear. Never a king or queen who were clothed more royally or in more brilliant colors. Their dress was a good deal like a summer's rainbow, brilliant in coloring, with never a wrinkle in their soft folds, and each individual suit fitted the wearer perfectly as if he had been melted and poured into it. And what was stranger still, each had worn his suit all his life, and yet no one ever thought it old-fashioned or out of date, or that its style could be in any way improved.

But this morning the parents had both gone abroad, and were out, I think, together, laying in supplies for their two children and providing everything needed for home comfort. They were a happy pair, and whenever they appeared people always remarked upon their beauty, and thought no handsomer couple could be found anywhere. They must have been gone some time from home, for they were early risers, and the morning was perfect, and the sun was high when a big giant approached their dwelling. He stood and eyed it very closely, then walked to and fro about it, and then lifted one of his hands, which was larger than the whole house itself, and tore it from its foundation, and rent its sides apart, in order to discover what was concealed behind the walls of this curious dwelling. How full of terror were the little ones, and in striving to escape from the giant's grasp they fell heavily to the ground, and were most seriously injured. One lay with broken shoulder, and one with broken leg, helpless and suffering. When the giant saw them lying there, wounded to the death, he gave them a rude thrust with his foot, and then threw a heavy stone upon them, which crushed them utterly.

I had been concealed by the thick boughs of a branching pepper tree while all this wanton cruelty was going on, and the giant strode on unconscious of my presence. He had hardly gone before the parents came back laden with treasures for their little ones. Can you imagine what their sorrow was when they found their lovely home gone and their two darlings missing? I could not understand what they said, but from their movements I could discern that their grief was very great.

But who were they, you ask, and where did all this happen, and why was not the giant murderer seized and punished, and where is he now, and what is his name?

Not so fast, dear children, and I will tell you all about this sad tragedy.

The pleasant and lovely home which I saw, so skillfully constructed and so perfect in its design and finish, was that of two beautiful humming birds. How airy it swung in the green boughs, and how patiently had the parent birds labored to build it. It was formed of beautiful lichen and other materials, and was softly padded for the little ones, and here they had opened their eyes, and were almost ready to go out into the fair sunshine and nestle in the hearts of the flowers, where the honey lay hidden for their food. The giant—for he was a giant as compared with these tiny yet brilliant humming birds—was a thoughtless boy who had discovered the pretty nest and destroyed it, together with the young birds, with their dress of feathers as gay as rainbows. It was a happy little home that he had desolated, and beautiful little lives that he had crushed out, and from the frenzied way the parent birds flew about I am sure that their tiny hearts were full of sorrow and a sense of loss.

I always feel badly when I see children hunting bird's nests, and stealing their eggs, or capturing the young birds to imprison in cages. The beautiful birds that make the world so joyful with their songs, who twitter so cheerfully among the boughs, and spread their bright wings in the free air, what would the world be if all their melody were hushed forever, and all their wings were folded, never stirring the silence of the wood, nor relieving the loneliness of the solitary plain? Children, love these beautiful songsters, and let them dwell in safety wherever they can build their nests. E. A. O.

Here is a pleasant letter from a lovely valley in San Bernardino county, which I do not doubt that you will all read with much interest.

TEMESCAL, Jan. 3, 1889.

Dear Mrs. Otis: I will write a short article for the boys' and girls' column, which I will call,

THE HISTORY OF TEMESCAL VALLEY.

Temescal was first believed to have been under water, which has now dried off. For a time it was occupied by the Indians, who stayed there till they were driven off by the Spaniards and Mexicans.

It had very few people at first, but it is now steadily growing. It is one of the oldest and healthiest places in San Bernardino county. It has many old ruins, which are built of mud and water and called adobe. There is one that was the station for the stage that ran for the United States between Yuma and Los Angeles. It is nearly all tumbled down now. Travelers can see it from the main road in going through this wonderful valley. It has much beautiful scenery, with its wonderful canyons and waterfalls and its water rushing down rocky canyons. The falls would pay an artist to take views.

The mountains are full of deer and quail, which give good hunting, and it is one of the best camping places in the world. Two great canyons, Cold Water and Mahew, each have beautiful falls and some of the finest water in the United States.

The South Bivaris Land and

Water Company have improved it a good deal. They have bought land and taken the water to use. It has all probably cost them \$100,000.

ROLLA BIDWELL, aged 12 years. I am very much obliged to my young friend for his letter, and hope that he will tell us more of this beautiful valley.

CARTHAGE (Ind.), Dec. 31, 1888.

Dear Mrs. Otis: I am a little girl, living in Indiana. I was 10 years old the 27th of this month. I have an uncle and aunt living in Ontario, Cal. They sent me some of your papers, which I like very much. I like to read the children's letters, so I thought I would write one. I go to school. There are six rooms and nearly two hundred scholars. I would like to visit California and see the oranges growing on the trees. My friends and my brothers and myself had a Christmas tree, because two of my friends had the whooping cough so they could not go to the church. We had a splendid time. We had little candles on it and sacks of popcorn and many other things. I guess my letter is long enough for this time. From your friend,

LUCY V. TALBERT.

This letter has come to us from far away Indiana—the State where our next President lives. It is winterland, where the snows fall at this season, and the streams are sometimes frozen over. We are very glad to hear from our little friend, and hope that she will some time come to Southern California and visit our orange groves, and have an opportunity to gather the ripe oranges from the trees. I am sure she would enjoy the land where it is summer all the year.

E. A. O.

Am now ready, under the terms of circular No. 1, Rental Agencies' Association, to take charge of the renting of houses, leasing of stores or blocks, collecting rents, etc., having established in my office a department for this purpose. I assure my patrons of prompt and faithful attention to their interests. Will advertise their wants and use every endeavor to secure reliable tenants. I respectfully solicit your patronage. Ben E. Ward, 48 North Spring street.

Special Notice.

The Metropolitan Loan Association of Los Angeles, California, will issue its third series February 1, 1889. One thousand shares will be sold. Parties wishing to subscribe will apply at the secretary's office at Board of Trade building, northwest corner of First and Spring streets, for particulars. T. H. Ward, Secretary.

Eyes and Ear Diseases.

Dr. S. M. Slocom of Pittsburgh, Pa., lately appointed to the faculty of the Medical College of the University of Pittsburgh, has now permanently located at No. 330 South Main street (Moro Castle). Dr. Slocom treats diseases of the eye, ear, throat and nose exclusively. Chronic deafness, ringing, roaring in the ears, in the nose, dizziness, from the brain, from the heart, diseases of the voice, and catarrh successfully treated. Operations for cataract, crossed eyes, ptomaine tumors of the eye, etc., performed. Free consultation from 9 a.m. to 1 p.m.; Sundays 12 m. to 2 p.m.

Swarts & Wilson, Wholesale and retail dealers in wall paper and hangings, picture moldings, window shades, etc. Nos. 222 and 224 South Main street. Telephone 624.

St. Paul's School for boys on Olive street, in rear of St. Paul's Church, will reopen January 7, 1889. Miss F. R. Johnston, principal, 485 Olive street.

MacKey & Co., headquarters for California curiosities. New store, fine goods, largest variety, lowest prices. 311 North Spring st., 1888.

Hotel Ararat, Santa Monica.

This popular seaside hotel, with elevator, gas and all modern improvements, will be opened on January 3d. J. W. Scott, lessee, 25¢.

To every purchaser to the amount of \$25 and upward will be given one of the Queen's beautiful Christmas souvenirs.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

W. N. COWLES & CO., 220 S. Main St., Los Angeles, Cal., IRON, METAL AND GENERAL COMMISSION MERCHANTS.

IRON PIPE, CORRUGATED IRON, BOILER IRON AND TUBES, SHEET IRON, IRON AND STEEL RAILS.

Malleable Fittings, Brass Goods, Etc.

Also agents for the Merriman Manufacturing Company's product of

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Prepared to quote lowest prices on application. TELEPHONE 963.

JOE POHEIM

THE TAILOR.

Makes the Best Fitting Clothes in the State at 25 per cent less than any other Tailor on the Pacific Coast.

Suits made TO ORDER \$25.00

Pants made TO ORDER 6.00

208 Montgomery Street,

724 Market and 110 & 112 Market St.

SAN FRANCISCO.

105, 107 and 109 Santa Clara Street,

SAN JOSE.

49 and 51 South Spring Street, and

263 North Main Street,

LOS ANGELES.

1021 & 1023 Fourth Street, SAN DIEGO.

A CALIFORNIA DISCOVERY.

The parasites, of which we give cut below, discovered by us, are the direct cause of Cataract and Consumption, also many other diseases.

THE HISTORY OF TEMESCAL VALLEY.

Temescal was first believed to have been under water, which has now dried off. For a time it was occupied by the Indians, who stayed there till they were driven off by the Spaniards and Mexicans.

It had very few people at first, but it is now steadily growing. It is one of the oldest and healthiest places in San Bernardino county. It has many old

ruins, which are built of mud and

water and called adobe. There is one

that was the station for the stage that ran for the United States between Yuma and Los Angeles. It is nearly

all tumbled down now. Travelers can

see it from the main road in going

through this wonderful valley. It has

much beautiful scenery, with its won-

derful canyons and waterfalls and its

water rushing down rocky canyons.

The falls would pay an artist to take

views.

The mountains are full of deer and

quail, which give good hunting, and it

is one of the best camping places in the

world. Two great canyons, Cold Water

and Mahew, each have beautiful falls

and some of the finest water in the

United States.

The South Bivaris Land and

Water Company have improved it a

good deal. They have bought land

and taken the water to use. It has all

probably cost them \$100,000.

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PUBLISHED EVERY DAY IN THE YEAR.	
SERVED BY CARRIERS:	
DAILY AND SUNDAY, PER WEEK: \$26	
DAILY AND SUNDAY, PER MONTH: \$55	
BY MAIL, POST PAID:	
DAILY AND SUNDAY, PER MONTH: \$65	
DAILY AND SUNDAY, PER YEAR: \$600	
WEEKLY MIRROR, PER YEAR: \$200	

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SUBSCRIBERS, when writing to have the address of their paper changed, should also state the former address.

**CORRESPONDENCE** solicited from all quarters. Use one side of the sheet only, write plainly, and send real name for the private information of the Editor.

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Time-Mirror Printing House No. 463

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TIME BUILDING,

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ENTERED AT POSTOFFICE AS 2D-CLASS MATTER.

Vol XV..... No. 42

To Job Printers and Publishers.

We have a large quantity of news print (roll paper) which we will cut to order very cheap.

Also, 134 reams flat news print, size 30x44, and 12 reams, size 35x47, which we want to sell.

POWER PRESS FOR SALE.

A two-revolution Campbell book and newspaper press, size of bed, 31x46, in good order and condition, of satisfactory speed; suitable for any work. Will be sold at a bargain. **TIME-MIRROR COMPANY.**

POINTS OF THE MORNING'S NEWS.

An English detective in the pay of the London Times had been duped in America.... Hon. John S. Wise visits Gen. Harrison.... Sensational suicide at San Francisco.... More London comments on the Sackville blue book.... Affairs between Bavarians and Poles at St. Paul, Minn.... Indian Commissioner reports some important recommendations.... Forecast of the week's work in Congress.... Commander-in-Chief Warner says G.A.R. men may have places in the inaugural parade.... Southern California measures to be brought up in the House by Gen. Vandever.... No further fighting reported in the Kansas county-seat.... Death of Prof. McGill of Princeton, N.J.... Weekly clearing-house reports.... Moody's meetings largely attended at San Francisco.... Three Mexicans murdered near St. John's, Ariz.... Rain in California.... Fire at Marlborough, Mass.... Mysterious attack upon a constable at Beaver Falls, Pa.... Death of Mrs. Jay Gould.... The King of Holland dying.... Agrarian crime in Ireland.... Terrible experience of an Union county (O.) man with robbers.... An ex-Senator sued for breach of promise at Mifflintown, Pa.... Many of the Chickasaws unwilling to accept Vilas's arbitration of their troubles.

EX-GOV. IRELAND of Texas is frank enough to say that he discerns no chance for Democratic success in a generation.

REFERRING to the proposition to give Southern California a branch prison, the Record-Union comes out with the following unlooked-for burst of generosity:

The Record-Union, after careful consideration of and exhaustive inquiry into the merits of the question involved, is entirely convinced of the justice and economy of the proposition to establish a branch State Prison in the southern portion of the State.

Thanks, awfully! What will Sacramento take?

\* THERE is nothing new to report in regard to the Speakership contest. It is held in abeyance until it shall be definitely known whether or not there is to be an extra session. If there shall be an extra session, the Speakership campaign naturally will become very active, from the moment that the fact shall be known. If there is not to be an extra session, the present apathy in the contest will probably continue until about October, preceding the regular meeting of Congress.

THE following ringing words from Gen. Harrison's speech to his army on New Year's day are both grand and significant:

"I fear no interference from foreign nations; the only menace today to our institutions and the perpetuity of our Government is the suppression of a free and fair ballot. I would die rather than give a pure ballot. A free ballot honestly cast, and fairly counted, is the main safeguard to our institutions, and its suppression under any circumstances cannot be tolerated. I exhort my comrades to stand up, regardless of partisan feelings, for honesty and fairness."

NEW YORK STATE is not generally regarded as much of a fruit growing section, while Los Angeles county is chiefly known as a horticultural region. Within a radius of forty miles of Rochester, N.Y., there are more than 1500 fruit evaporators, which employ about 30,000 hands during autumn and winter, at wages averaging \$8 to \$12 a week. Last season, the product of these evaporators was about 30,000,000 pounds, worth, at first cost, about \$2,000,000. How many fruit evaporators are there within a radius of forty miles of Los Angeles? Certainly not 1500, nor 150. We doubt whether there are even 15.

THERE must evidently be something radically wrong in the system of transportation of products in the United States, to judge from a statement in the Nevada City Transcript that thousands of tons of apples rotted on the ground this season in that neighborhood, while here in Los Angeles the consumer has to pay at the rate of \$100 a ton for apples. Such a state of affairs indicates a cruel waste of productive force, and suggests the thought of what immense benefit might be conferred on the people of this country by Government ownership of the railroads, and the running of them at or below cost in the interest of the people as at present carried.

## THE TIMES ANNUAL.

**THE TIMES** Annual for 1889 is now on sale to the trade and the general public. It may be purchased from the newsboys, at the bookstores, or singly and in quantities at the Times office.

It is a 56-page publication, equivalent in bulk of contents to a 200-page book, check full of valuable and interesting matter. It is specially adapted for sending to friends at a distance, who desire information regarding this section, its compilation having been undertaken with special reference to this purpose. The sending of one copy is better than the writing of one hundred letters. It contains a carefully prepared statement of Southern California's many advantages and few drawbacks, together with a complete exposition of our resources.

Following are the prices of the Annual: Single copies (in wrappers, postage prepaid)..... 15

2 copies (in wrappers, postage prepaid)..... 25

10 copies (in wrappers, postage prepaid)..... 50

25 copies (in bulk)..... 2.50

50 copies (in bulk)..... 5.00

100 copies (in bulk)..... 8.00

1000 copies (in bulk)..... 80.00

These prices are low, hardly covering the cost of producing the paper.

The plates and matrices for the Annual are all intact, ready for the printing of any number of copies that may be called for. We hope to have drafts made upon us for thousands of these papers.

City subscribers who would like to show their appreciation of the faithful carriers who have served them through rain and shine (principally shine) during the 366 days of the old year, have an opportunity to do so, to a slight extent, by purchasing of them, 10, 25 or 50 copies of the Annual—ready today—thus giving them the benefit of the profit on the paper.

The rate of postage on **THE TIMES** Annual is two cents for each copy. This can be saved by ordering through the office which pays on the matter by the pound.

## Shameless Legislators.

So far, the work of the Democratic Legislature, now in session in Sacramento, has scarcely been of a more promising character than might have been expected, although it has probably not been any worse than was looked for by those who have devoted any study to the peculiarities of Democratic practical statecraft. The lawmakers have confined their operations, almost exclusively, to the work of finding nice fat sinecures, to be filled by those who have done work of a more or less dirty character for the party.

Those who have watched the course of California legislation for years say that in no other similar body in the history of the State has there been such reckless prodigality in the matter of employing officers for whom there is absolutely nothing to do but to draw salary. It is almost as bad as the celebrated Thirteenth Legislature of Arizona, in which the clerks outnumbered the members. Among the hitherto unheard of offices brought to light at Sacramento this session were three assistant secretaries, three assistant minute clerks, three assistant journal clerks, an enrolling clerk with three assistants, an enrolling clerk with an assistant, a book-keeper, clerk and three assistants to the Sergeant-at-arms, a "file clerk," a "folding clerk," nine porters to be used in the Senate chamber swept and dusted, six porters to watch the one room, and eleven pages, whose principal business, as Senator Wilson remarked, will be the breaking of their necks or limbs in trying to keep out of each other's way. In most of these appointments the assistants will draw the same pay as the principals, all of which will result in squandering many thousands of dollars of public money.

Such wholesale squandering of the money contributed to the State by taxpayers, many of whom find it hard work to make both ends meet, cannot fail to inspire disgust in the minds of all good citizens, irrespective of party, and must ultimately lead to the downfall of the party which is responsible for conduct beside which the operations of the professional stage-robber are chivalrous and honorable. Americans are becoming very weary of the unblushing prostitution of politics to base purposes, and are less ready than they formerly were to overlook what would vulgarly be termed bribery and corruption on the part of men whom they have chosen to the honorable position of law-makers for the State, city or country.

To the victors belong the spoils" may be all very well, as far as the distribution of responsible and legitimate offices goes, but it certainly was never intended to mean that the party which is honored with a majority of the popular vote shall be at liberty to steal everything in sight.

## Our Growth.

We have no reason for discouragement in regard to the future of Southern California, even though the immigration at this season is hardly as great as we had anticipated that it would be. After the wild craze which we have experienced in real estate, it is but natural that there should follow a season of comparative quiet. It has always been the experience of cities and large sections which have indulged in great booms that after the excitement of speculation comes the less exciting era of ordinary business methods.

It speaks volumes for the substantial basis upon which the growth and prosperity of Los Angeles is built, that her boom has not been followed by a collapse of prosperity and continued progress. There has been no cessation in public improvements, and Los Angeles is better prepared today to welcome the stranger and make him comfortable within her gates than she ever was before. But, beyond question, we are suffering somewhat now from the condition in which our streets were found last winter, from the high rents which obtained, and the mad speculations indulged in—the wretched gambling in real estate, which for a time was so prevalent among a certain class of speculators in our midst. But that is past. People now investing in land are not generally doing so for the

sake of speculation, but for the purpose of home building and improvement. The coming year will witness, not the cutting up of the outside country into town lots and the laying out of paper cities, but the multiplication of small farms—of ten-acre holdings, which, when highly improved and cultivated, shall furnish to their fortunate owners a comfortable and generous support for their families.

The promise of success in this direction people at all familiar with the possibilities of our soil and climate can but see, and the risk of failure is so small there is nothing to deter them from making the venture. Small farms will yet become one of the most attractive features of this section, and the time is not very far in the future when a very large proportion of the necessities of life will be grown right here, and the thousands of dollars which we are now sending away will be expended at home. The orange will not go out of fashion in Southern California. New orchards, free from insect pests, will take the place of those that have been cut down; the raisin industry will continue to grow and flourish, and the best wines for eastern markets will be sought for in Southern California. In addition to this, we shall grow our own poultry, and the beef for our markets will be fattened on our rich fields of alfalfa. We shall not send abroad for our eggs, our butter, our cheese nor our potatoes. We shall grow all of our own apples, figs, prunes, peaches, apricots and small fruits. We shall supply our own tables with vegetables, and ship them as well, to other markets.

The climate and soil of this section is such that there need be scarcely any limit to our horticultural and agricultural products. And we have here also the resources necessary for numerous manufactures, and the man who comes here with capital and business energy will find many a door opening to him into an opulent future. We have the raw material for almost every kind of manufactures under the sun, and the man is already living who shall come hither and help to build us up through the wealth of successful manufacturers.

The newcomer to Los Angeles will this winter have less to complain of in our streets than heretofore. The work of paving our principal streets is progressing, and the laying of good stone sidewalks is being pushed at a lively rate. It will not be long before pedestrianism will cease to be a terror, even in our stormiest weather. Good streets, good crossings, good pavements will be long the rule with us.

And, moreover, nothing can detract from the charms of Southern California climate. It is a heritage that is good for all time and it cannot be discounted. This new world of the Occident is more to be desired than the lands upon the shores of the Mediterranean for equable temperature, for freedom from storms and tempests and for the absence of all malarial diseases. The shores of the Campagna discover no fairer fields, no richer fruitage, and no brighter skies and health-giving atmosphere than we possess, and every year this section is destined to grow in favor with the cold-ridden, the storm-scorched and malaria-haunted populations of other less favored States. Nothing can hinder the great tide of immigration from surging in this direction and occupying the land.

REFERRING to an editorial in **THE TIMES** of yesterday, M. Whaling writes:

Read your valuable and interesting article in yesterday's issue entitled "Wealth in the South" which seems so natural and proper to express to you my sincere conviction of its truthfulness. I devoted several months in the study of the politics of the South and the Southern states and found that the same was of great value to me. I am strongly convinced that coffee can be successfully cultivated here in Los Angeles county. Our climate is warm and congenial and well adapted to the cultivation of coffee and the suburbs of the city of Oryana, where it grows in such great abundance. The coffee tree does not require a hot climate. A temperate climate, with little or no frost, seems to be its requirements. As for cotton, our climate is far more congenial and better adapted to its successful cultivation than most parts of Mexico, where it is raised so successfully.

THE American navy again distinguished itself the other day. The Government launch Nellie, with Commodore Belknap and a party of officers and their wives and families on board, was rash enough to leave San Francisco for the Mare Island navy yard without chartering a river steamer to show them the way. As a result, the Nellie grounded, in broad daylight, on a mudbank, and the distinguished party had to pass a bitterly cold night in that position, while anxious friends kept the wires busy with messages of inquiry as to their whereabouts. It was a narrow escape for the distinguished naval officers.

## AMUSEMENTS.

**LOS ANGELES THEATER.**—The old public favorite, Ben Cotton, and his young daughter, Idalene, opened last night in the **Old Home**. A large audience received them most kindly and applauded them very frequently. As "Wash," the faithful negro servant, Cotton carried off the honors, and was as amusingly funny as ever. Idalene Cotton was also acceptable, and sang a couple of songs with pleasing effect. The support of the rest of the company was fair. As to the play itself, there was nothing new in it, but it carried off the curtain with a bang.

MISS THOMPSON.—Miss Lydia Thompson, who was so suddenly taken ill with inflammation of the bowels last Saturday at the Westminster House, was pronounced by her physicians yesterday to be in a much improved condition and out of immediate danger unless a sudden relapse should take place. She is, however, very weak and will not be able to leave her room before the end of the week. Her company left yesterday to play the southern circuit and will then go to San Francisco.

AT THE OPERA-HOUSE.—The advance sale of seats for the Levitt Novelty Company, which opens a week's engagement tonight, was quite large yesterday. During the season the company has played to houses, and the troupe is said to be stronger than when last year.

Funeral of Michael Casenova.

**SAN FRANCISCO**, Jan. 13.—The funeral this afternoon of Michael Casenova, a prominent Italian and leading member of F. Danelli & Co., wholesale grocers, was largely attended. About 1000 members of military and civic clubs followed the remains to Calvary Cemetery.

## A DUPED DETECTIVE.

## His Mission to America and How It Ended.

John S. Wise Spiking Gen. Mahone's Guns at Indianapolis.

Death of the Wife of Jay Gould in New York City.

Chickasaw Braves Not Disposed to Accept Vilas's Arbitration of Their Political Troubles—The County War in Kansas Not Yet Ended—Eastern Notes.

By Telegraph to the Times.

**BUFFALO**, Jan. 13.—[By the Associated Press.] The Courier this morning created a sensation in Nationalistic circles by publishing a number of letters and telegrams written by a special detective of Scotland Yard, sent out in the interest of the **Times** to procure evidence to implicate Parnell in the Phoenix Park murder. It appears that in August last a mechanic residing at Black Rock, by reason of work he was doing, conceived the idea of making something out of the London Times. He wrote to the publisher, stating in effect that he knew of two Irishmen who were in possession of documentary evidence that would prove the letters on which the Times relied in the present investigation to be entirely genuine. He soon received advice from the Times that a detective was about to come to New York to interview him and corroborate his story. The detective arrived and corroborated with the mechanic from New York. He was authorized to see the mechanic and others willing to give proofs, and if necessary to go to England and testify, well compensated and protected. He wanted the mechanic to go to New York and later to meet him at a hotel in Buffalo. The mechanic however, fearing that he would be followed, and that he would be compelled to give up his secret, went to meet him at the same time paying him several sums of money, amounting in all to about \$500.

Writing from Chicago November 23d, he began to show suspicion, and declared he would not pay out another dollar until he could see the papers in his own hands, beside he had got so much evidence as it was that he could afford to do without them. Still he was willing to give \$400 for them. The detective and his female companion then went to Toronto. From there he went to Montreal and thence to Chicago, where his headquarters were with George Harvey & Co., 17 LaSalle street, all the time imploring the Buffalo man to hasten his return at the same time paying him several sums of money, amounting in all to about \$500.

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On December 1st he wrote announcing his intention of proceeding to Niagara Falls. In the course of his wandering after proofs the detective went to Ravenvwood, Ill., where he said his son lived, and thence he wrote offering to give the Buffalo \$100, and the same to the two others, if success was made certain. There was, of course, no evidence of whatever nature sought.

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## WOMAN AND HOME.

## BOOKS OF THE PAST AND BOOKS OF TODAY.

Some Choice Recipes—The Capabilities of Children Underaged—The Influence of Books—“Baby Talk” an Insult to Childhood—How I Read Milton.

I made many delightful visits to our book stores during the few days preceding the holidays, and was amazed at the wealth of books designed especially for children; at the richness of illustration, the purity and beauty of sentiment expressed in them, and the rich fancy which led the little ones into such entrancing realms of elf land, where the imagination reveled with elves and fairy sprites and walked in realms as glorious as the most brilliant Utopia of our dreams. I heard many a middle-aged lady sigh, “How much better off the children of today are than were we in our childhood.”

At first thought that was my view of it, and, looked at in some lights, I think so still. But, nevertheless, I think that there is some danger in this wealth of lore—danger that our children become so familiar with light and fanciful reading, that they may form a distaste for what is more solid and instructive.

That children may become interested in more solid reading I know by my own childish experience. There was never a child loved better his fairy tale of Brownies and wood nymphs than I loved the wonderful story set forth in Milton’s “Paradise Lost,” and never was a fairer country discovered by Utopian voyager than the Delectable Mountains of Hunyan, and the land of Beulah, lying upon the border of the river. My imagination feasted upon them both, and those pilgrim pictures of John Bunyan, and the celestial brightness of Milton’s visions I have kept and cherished. I liked Blue Beard and Cinderella, but they never stirred me as did the others which I read so early. The power and the pathos and the wisdom of those great works reached my soul and lifted me up, as they will uplift all children whose interest is enlisted in them.

I think that we are too apt to underrate the capabilities of children. Their perceptions are quick and their minds active. When I hear a person taking “baby talk” to a child, I always feel as if an insult had been offered to it. When I see some of the books that are written for children, I feel the same. Mothers, “milk is good for babes,” but do not mistake and feed them with slops. Do not give them simply the books that they can read without effort, but give them occasionally such as will require some thought, and a little instruction to enable them to understand them. Good books are excellent and wise companions for our children, and many and beautiful are the lessons which they may teach them.

## NOTES.

**Muffins.**—One quart of flour, in which is thoroughly mixed three teaspoonsful baking powder, a dessert spoonful of salt and a table-spoonful of sugar. Add to this one pint of sweet milk and four eggs. Beat the whites and yolks of the eggs separately, the former to a stiff froth and add them last. Have ready the buttered rings, fill them part full and bake them at once in a pretty quick oven.

**Cream Pie.**—Make the crust as for custard pie. For the filling, scald one teaspoonful milk and stir into a tablespoonful flour previously moistened with milk or water. When sufficiently cooked add half a teaspoonful sugar, the beaten yolk of one egg and a flavoring of either lemon or vanilla. Stir quickly, and remove from the fire before it curdles. Fill the crust and bake a few minutes. Beat the whites to a stiff froth, add two tablespoonsfuls sugar and a little lemon extract, spread it over the top of the pie, put it back in the oven and bake to a light brown.

**Cup Cakes.**—A friend gave me the following recipe for cup cake, which we have tried and found excellent. The ingredients are four teaspoonfuls flour, two and a half of sugar and one of butter, three eggs, one teaspoonful sweet milk, two teaspoonsfuls baking powder and a flavoring extract. Put the butter and sugar together, add a portion of the flour, with the well-beaten eggs, then more flour, after this the milk and the remainder of the flour in which the baking powder has been well mixed. Flavor to taste with nutmeg, lemon or bitter almond. This may be baked in a round or oblong cake pan, in a moderately hot oven.

SUSAN SUNSHINE.

## FRESH LITERATURE.

**CALIFORNIA.** '46 TO '88, by JACOB WRIGHT HARLAN. San Francisco: The Bancroft Company.

This is an autobiographical sketch of the career of an old Californian, who came hither in 1846. He crossed the plains with the emigrant train of which the unfortunate Donner Company formed part, and narrowly escaped sharing the dreadful fate of that party.

The numerous vicissitudes of success and disaster experienced by Mr. Harlan during his long residence in California, his descriptions of different phases of California pioneer life, of his adventures and experiences in the mountains, on the ranch, in the mines, in military service with Fremont, and his pictures of the then little town of San Francisco, cannot fail to interest Californians of today.

On every page of this book the author shows the ear mark and brand of the general, jovial, brave old pioneer, full of good humor and kindness, but not in any way to be trifled with.

In publishing his story he has performed a duty which no old pioneer should neglect, the furnishing of material for future history. His narrative forms a very readable and interesting book.

**ECHOES FROM THE BLARNEY STONE,** and other Rhymes, by W. G. H. Chicago: Charles H. Kerr & Co. (For sale by Lazarus & Meier.)

This little volume is a collection of new and original verses never before published. The author’s name is not known to the public, but it is apparent that he has unique humor and keen perception of the strong points of Irish character. Two of the “Echoes,” “The Gentleman that Pays the Rent,” and “The Gentleman that Takes the Rent,” will endear W. G. H. to all who sympathize with the rack-rented Irish peasantry. A number of excellent selections for recitation, all the better because sure to be unbroken, can be found in this volume.

**VERSES FROM THE VALLEY,** by E. S. GOODHUE. Oakland: Pacific Press Publishing Company.

California, it has been said, is the land of poetry and song. Nature here catches the ear and we hear her song and her thousand voices, and set them to a music of her own. The author of “Verses from the Valley” is one of Nature’s singers, and his home is in Southern California. He has heard the

anthems of the sea, and the full-toned whispers of forest leaves. The flowers have speech for him, as do the hills and the sky. He is also a student of human nature, and an artist in painting it. Read the following stanza, and you have the doubtless darkly before you with his troubled yet sorrowful face:

“De ide dat on’ Lord would put  
Us on a rollin’ ball,  
An’ let us scramble to on’ selves,  
Wid likkerhood to fall,  
An’ not de way to keep his own,  
I don’t think, at all.”

Here is another of his characteristic stanzas, warm with a beautiful trust:

“We sow the seed and we may reap  
The harvest flower;  
But God alone can watch and keep,  
Lo! when our eyelids drop in sleep  
He sends the shower.”

Here is a little forest picture:

“Yonder a winding path leads on—  
O’ergrown and strewn with fallen leaf  
and seed,  
Where toiling from the early dawn  
The squirrel finds his need.”

“There, like a falling leaf, so white  
Floating, a butterfly sinks toward the  
stream,  
Wherein, reflected by the light,  
It motionless doth seem.”

Some of the poems in this volume have a touch of the commonplace, but there are many which show the bud of a rich promise for the future. Our author is still young, and the best that he can write he has not yet written. We watch for more.

## Magazines.

Dress, the new magazine conducted by Annie Jenness Miller, will find great favor with the ladies, for it is peculiarly adapted to their wants. The November and December number, combined in one volume, contains many delightfully suggestive articles which will give encouragement to those who are battling with adversity and who find it a hard matter to “make both ends meet.” It will be a helpful friend to every woman who admits it to her home. Among its interesting contents are “Women and Dinner Speaking” by Eliza Archer Conner; “The Modern Esthetic of the Table,” A. de Montaigu, and Mrs. Appo’s Story,” by Gertrude Garrison. There are also many hints in regard to dress that are valuable. Annie Jenness Miller Publishing Company, New York.

The *Century* for January needs no word of commendation. Suffice it to say that it is up to the highest standard and is full of interest to the intelligent reader. It is a delightful journey “Round About Galilee,” which the reader takes with the author, Edward L. Wilson, and very charming are the illustrations given. Those fond of journeying, but who can only go by proxy, will be grateful for this graphic sketch, which of itself is more worth the price of the magazine. George Kennan’s Siberian series is still continued, with well-sustained interest, while Nicolay and Hay are still writing the grand story of “Abraham Lincoln.” All the contents of the number are full of fresh thought. The Century Company, New York.

**The California Florist and Gardener** is an illustrated monthly journal of horticulture for the Pacific Coast, published by the Florist Publishing Company, San Francisco, with a branch office at Los Angeles. It is a well conducted magazine and presents an array of well-known names among its contributors, most of whom belong to this coast. It is a magazine which should receive the warm support of those interested in horticulture and floriculture in California.

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## THE MOON.

## SOME INTERESTING POINTS ABOUT THE HEAVENS.

The Eclipse Which is to Take Place Soon—What the Stars Are Doing—Where Some of Them Are to Be Seen—The 16th Inst.

The evening sky at this time presents an unusually interesting appearance. The moon, the planets and some of the brightest of the fixed stars go to make up a brilliant picture which cannot but impress the consciousness even of those who are not versed in astronomical lore.

The moon, which on New Year's day hung black and round between us and the sun, now creeps on toward the full, to be eclipsed in her turn. The blaze of sunlight poured upon her gives even to the great Lick telescope no sign of life nor that she has the conditions to support it. Great mountain peaks, beside which the Andes are as foot hills; valleys of abyssal depth and vast plains of scoria lava, cracked and dry, beneath the cloudless sky, are all that the greatest of telescopes can reveal.

The Flower Festival Society is hard at work once more. The fifth annual festival will take place in April, and will open on the 16th. The ladies intend to outdo themselves this year.

John White stole a dozen oranges at Smith's ranch, out on Temple street, yesterday afternoon, and was arrested by Officer Murphy. He was locked up, charged with petty larceny.

A week or two ago a man named Phelps

rented a house on West First street, and after living there a month, left the place. The case was reported to the police, and an officer detailed to guard the house.

The Washington Gardens were opened yesterday afternoon under the management of Zimmerman & Kerkow, who say they will make a good place of it. The Hungarian orchestra was the attraction yesterday.

Last night, between 9 and 10 o'clock, Officers Finican and Hawley gathered in a couple of healthy looking individuals on Main street for begging. They gave the names of James Williams and John Burke. The latter is an old officer, who has served in both the County Jail and City Prison.

The moon in the moon, however, is happily away, and no one is there to bother their heads about eclipses. She is going to have one all the same, and when she gets to "The Twins" will get full and rise eclipsed as many a good man has done before her. The latter constellation with its twin stars rises in the northeast about sundown. The earth's shadow is pointing the way to the sun, and the sun will pass in space will plunge into it on the 16th of this month, and will be about three-quarters eclipsed at 9:30 p.m.

Down in the western sky at sunset lie two planets pretty close together. The large white one is Venus and the small red one Mars. They were in conjunction the evening before, and now are in a half. Jailer Darrow was highly complimented by the visiting evangelists on the good order maintained and the courtesy that was shown them by the prisoners during the services.

Mrs. Oliver and Mamie Andrews, two of the most notorious women on Alameda street, were arrested last night by Officers McDonald and Merry for soliciting. Both women put up \$20 cash bail and were released. They have figured in the police court on numerous occasions for fighting and other offenses.

Not a single prisoner was taken in at the County Jail Saturday night or yesterday up to 7 o'clock last evening. This is the first time that this has occurred in at least two years, and indicates that the city is very quiet, to say the least of it. There are now but 140 prisoners in the tanks, the smallest number for a year past.

A chinaman who answered to the name of Ah Charley was taken in on Nigger day between 10 and 11 o'clock, and was turned over to Officer J. D. McDonald, and locked up on a charge of carrying concealed weapons. Another heathen, who calls himself Ah Jim had imbibed too much saki, and was locked up as a drunk.

Yesterday a crippled woman arrived from the East in search of a man named Kirchline, a contracting carpenter. She was taken to the police station, and stayed for an hour or two, while the Board of the Human Society telephoned to and provided temporary quarters for the woman at Mrs. Cleveland's on Fifth street. The police will try to find Kirchline today.

L. Kendall, who rooms at No. 25 Davis street, reported at the police station last night that his pocket had been picked at the San Jones meeting at the Pavilion, and a pocketbook containing an oblong gold locket about an inch in length, marked C. L. K. a set of balances or scales, and a 50 cent coin in missing. The clerk in charge took a description of the articles.

The residence of ex-Zanjero Weiss, at the corner of Ninth and Alameda streets, was entered by thieves yesterday afternoon and a couple of pistols stolen. Mr. Weiss and his wife left the house about 11 o'clock, and when they returned, about 9 o'clock, they found the house open and the revolvers missing. The case was reported to police headquarters, but no trace of them has been made up to date.

The red planet Mars, lying west of her, goes on an entirely different gait. His orbit lies way outside the earth's, and he swings around it once while the earth goes twice. As all planets go in the same direction, once in two years he will be way off on the opposite side of the sun from us, and alternate years he will be behind us, opposite the earth. Mars is slowly creeping eastward, being called the greater inferior planet, and is now at the point of opposition.

Any one can see how this is by working it out for himself with three spoons on a table.

These changes of position have great effect on the apparent magnitude of Mars. It now looks like a second-magnitude star, and as it draws nearer the sun, will diminish yet more. At its biennial periods of opposition, however, it blazes out in the midnight sky with singular brilliancy, only surpassed by Venus and Jupiter. Its ruddy hue, caused by its vitiated atmosphere, was of old associated with the God of War whose name it bears, and it bore an ominous repute. In astrology Mars was called the lesser infortune, pale, slow-moving Saturn being called the greater infortune, as well as the year of every thing.

The latter planet is in the Lion, and rises about 8 p.m. It shines with a pale, steady light, and appears of the first magnitude. It greatly resembles the Little Dog which rises an hour or so earlier.

The great Jupiter is now a morning star, and is only seen by milkmen, newspaper vendors and other early birds. These great exterior planets rise earlier every night, and will light up the evening skies next summer.

Another very bright star in our heavens at present is the dog star, Sirius, which rises in the southeast at sundown. This is the brightest of all the fixed stars, and has been celebrated from the remotest antiquity. This great sun, many times larger than our own, is now receding from us at the rate of 30 miles a second. Its diameter is, however, so enormous that the light from it takes many years to reach here, and it is not probable that its great rate of recession has materially lessened its luster since the days of Christ.

When Sirius gets on the meridian about 11 p.m. an observer can see under the sky on the southern horizon the big star Canopus. This is the second in magnitude of the fixed stars, but is far in the southern hemisphere. It can be seen here only when Sirius is near the meridian, and in more northern latitudes is never visible. In the tropical skies it is very conspicuous.

The planet Mercury will be visible on the 16th in the morning, and will be seen in the west after sunset. It revolves very close to the sun and can only be seen a few or six periods each year, but nearer the earth, not yet cooled off enough (being many times larger) to admit even of a crust being formed upon them. All the geological stages through which the earth has passed remain yet before them. Of course organic life, as we know it, will not appear for countless years to come.

If Mars and Venus, however, the case is different. The former is far colder and the latter much hotter than the earth. With Mars the life-bearing epoch may have passed, with Venus it may not yet have begun. Yet it is quite possible they are now the abodes of life of some kind or other.

Mercury being so near the sun is very hot, and is therefore estimated as that of molten iron. The giant planet, Neptune and Saturn, though much older than the earth, have not yet cooled off enough (being many times larger) to admit even of a crust being formed upon them.

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If Mars and Venus, however, the case is different. The former is far colder and the latter much hotter than the earth. With Mars the life-bearing epoch may have passed, with Venus it may not yet have begun. Yet it is quite possible they are now the abodes of life of some kind or other.

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